

There Were Four In A Bed

by MizJoely

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John/Mary/Molly/Sherlock.

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sirsquidfish-thefirst asked for jollockary birthday sex, and it only took me two months to deliver. Nothing terribly explicit but certainly merits the Mature rating and features consensual polyamory. If that's not your thing, no problem, feel free to nope out of the fic with no hard feelings!

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><p>Molly woke up to a truly monumental hangover, but that wasn't the part that concerned her. No, the part that concerned her was the fact that she didn't wake up alone. Not only was she not alone, but there were two someones in bed with her. Not even her own bed or bedroom; she had no idea where she was or who she was in bed with until she forced her bleary eyes to focus on Person 1 on her left, the one with his (his? yes, definitely his) arm across her middle. The head of messy dark curls could only belong to Sherlock, so that was good. Well, it was good in the sense that at least it wasn't some random stranger.<p>

Which thought begged the question about who was sleeping on her other side, snuggled up against her. She carefully turned her head, breathing out a soft, "Oh fuck" as she recognized John Watson's snoozing form. "Mary's gonna kill me," she groaned.

"Nah, Mary's gonna give you some time-proven hangover remedies and get back into bed," the woman in question said cheerfully as she entered the room. In her hands were a glass of water and a bottle of paracetamol.

Other than the bright smile she wore, Mary Watson was completely and unconcernedly naked. "Oh," was all Molly managed to squeak out as Mary clambered onto the foot of the bed, moving forward on her knees and handing the other woman the medicine and water.

"Oh indeed," Mary replied with another cheeky grin. "Let me know when your mind clears up a bit, so I can fill you in on anything you might not remember. Which," she added as Molly gulped down three of the pills, "I'm guessing is next to nothing."

"Mary, for God's sake will you shut up and get back under the covers," Sherlock grumbled, turning on his back and cracking open one eye to glare at her. "Molly doesn't need us yammering at her, she needs to recover a bit from her panic and clear her mind. It'll come back to her," he added with a smirk as he turned to face his befuddled bedmate. "She did say the three of us had given her the most unforgettable birthday present she'd ever received, after all."

"Oh my God," Molly breathed, eyes wide as Mary stuck her tongue out at Sherlock before squirming in between her husband and the other woman. "Holy fuck," Molly added as Mary laid her head on her hand and grinned fondly at her. "I remember, all right!"

The Previous Night

"This is the best birthday ever!" Molly declared happily as she finished the last drop of her third - or was it her fourth? - glass of wine.

"Good, cause we've gone to a lot of trouble to make it so!" Mary warbled just as happily from her position atop Sherlock's lap.

Wait, Sherlock's lap? Molly didn't think she was that drunk, but squeezed her eyes shut, shook her head, and looked at the couple seated across from her in Sherlock's chair again. Yes, that was definitely Mary sitting on Sherlock's lap andâ€¦kissing him?

"All right, what was in this wine?" Molly demanded, peering suspiciously into her glass.

"Nothing, promise," John replied as he sat next to her. He draped his arm across the back of the sofa and smiled nervously. "We just, um, wanted you to seeâ€¦that is, we wanted to ask youâ€¦"

"Oh for God's sake, John, is it really that difficult to tell Molly that you and Mary and I have started having sex together, and that we all want her to join us?" Sherlock cut in, rolling his eyes in exasperation. He then took Mary into his arms for a very exaggerated kiss, even going so far as to caress her breasts before looking back over at Molly to gauge her reaction.

Luckily for them all, Molly was not only a very broad-minded woman, she was also finding the idea of having sex with not only Sherlock, but John and Mary, incredibly arousing. She turned to John, who was watching his wife and best friend just as hungrily as she had been, and pulled him close for a lingering kiss.

Two minutes later the four of them were naked, in Sherlock's king

sized bed and toasting one another to their new relationship. "We'll work out things like living arrangements later, Molly dear," Mary said as she ran her fingers up the other woman's thighs. "But for right now, I'd really rather see how many times the three of us can make you come. All right with you?"

"Um, yes, please," Molly squeaked out, then found herself lying back with her head pillowed on John's lap while Sherlock sucked her breasts and Maryâ€|oh lord, that woman had a wicked tongue!

Molly Hooper was in absolute blissâ€|and twenty minutes later it was John's turn to bring her over the edge, and then Sherlock a half-hour or so after that. By the time they were all sated and sore and ready for sleep, Molly knew that this was definitely an arrangement she could live with for more than just one night.

She made sure to tell her three bedmates that once the memories had fully returned, and they wasted no time in assuring her that that was what they'd intended all along.

Not one of them was what anyone could consider conventional, and Molly knew she'd never want it any other way.

End
file.